Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my Knee.
Give Sorrow leave a while, to returne me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I will remember
The favors of theſe men: were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, All hayle to me?
So *Iudas* did to Chriſt: but he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thouſand, none.
God ſave the King: will no man ſay, Amen?
Am I both Prieſt and Clarke? well then, Amen.
God ſave the King, although I be not he:
And yet Amen, if Heaven doe thinke him me.
To doe what ſervice, am I ſent for hither?

Nor. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
VVhich tyred Majeſty did make thee offer:
The Reſignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Henry Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. Give me the Crown. Here Coſin, ſeize the Crown:
Here Coſin, on this ſide my Hand, on that ſide thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the ayre,
The other downe, unſeene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefes, whilſt you mount up on high.

Bul. I thought you had beene willing to reſigne.

Rich. My Crowne I am, but ſtill my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depoſe,
But not my Griefes; ſtill am I King of thoſe.

Bul. Part of your Cares you give me with your Crown.

Rich. Your Cares ſet up, doe not pluck my Cares down.
My Care, is loſſe of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:
The Cares I giue, I have, though given away,
They tend the Crowne, yet ſtill with me they ſtay:

Bul. Are you contented to reſigne the Crowne?

Rich. I no; no, I: for I muſt nothing be:
Therefore no, no, for I reſigne to thee.
Now,

Now, marke me how I will undoe my ſelfe.
I give this heauy weight from off my Head,
And this unwieldy Scepter from my hand,
The pride of Kingly ſway from out my heart.
With mine owne Teares I waſh away my blame,
With mine owne hands I give away my Crowne.
With mine owne Tongue deny my ſacred State,
With mine owne breath releaſe all dutious Oathes:
All pompe and Maieſty I doe forſweare:
My Mannors, Rents, Revenews, I forgoe;
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I deny:
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to me,
God keepe all vowes unbroke are made to thee.
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou withall pleas'd, that haſt all atchiev'd,
Long mayſt thou live in *Richards* Seate to ſit,
And ſoone lie *Richard* in an earthy pit.
God ſave King *Henry*, un-king'd *Richard* ſayes,
And ſend him many yeares of ſunne-ſhine dayes.
What more remaines?

Nor. No more: but that you read
Theſe Accuſations, and theſe grievous Crymes,
Committed by your perſon, and your followers
Againſt the ſtate, and profit of this Land:
That by confeſſing them, the ſoules of men
May deeme, that you are worthily depos'd.

Rich. Muſt I doe ſo? and muſt I ravell out
My weav'd up follyes? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy Offences were upon Record,
Would it not ſhame thee in ſo faire a troupe,
To reade a Lecture of them? If thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou find one haynous Article
Containing the depoſing of a King,
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot, damn'd in the booke of Heaven.
Nay, all of you that ſtand and looke upon me,
Whil ſt that my wretchedneſſe doth bait my ſelfe,
Though ſome of you, with *Pilate* waſh your hands,